HOMER'S ILIAD.

TRANSLATION OF BOOK I.

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ALSO

PASSAGES FROM VIRGIL.

BY

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TO

THE REV. E. COLERIDGE.

CONTENTS.

HOMER. ILIAD.

BOOK I.

SING the revenge, O Muse, of divine Peleid Achilles,
Deadly, with myriad woes which loaded the sons of Achæa,
Many a brave soul hurling of heroes noble untimely
Down to the sunless realm: themselves made spoil to the ravening
Dogs and the fowls of the air: so Jupiter's will was accomplished: 5
E'en from the time when first stood fronting in angry contention
Atreus' son, king sovran of men, and godlike Achilles.
Which of the gods excited the discord fierce of the chieftains?

Leto's son 'twas and Jove's: who, wroth with the sovran, a fell plague
Gendered in Grecia's host, which raged consuming the people; 10
Hereat in heart incensed: for that Atreus' son had affronted
Chryses, priest of his altar; who came to the fleet of Achæa
Bonds of his daughter to loose, and ransom inestimate off'ring:
Holding the crowns in his hands of the far-destroying Apollo,
Wreathed on a golden sceptre; and all Greeks sued with 15 entreaty,
Chiefly the twain Atridæ, who bare rule over the people.
Royal Atridæ, and other ye men well-greaved of Achæa,
Grant ye the blissful gods, in abodes enthroned of Olympus,
Ilion haughty to ruin, and home fair voyage accomplish:
Loose me my daughter beloved, and the ransom grace with 20 acceptance,
Fearing duly the son of Jove, far-darting Apollo.
Then with joyful acclaim gave signal the rest of Achæans
Meetly the priest to revere and accept the redemptory treasures;
But not so was it pleasing to Atreus' son Agamemnon,

Who with rebuff dismissed, and with threatenings haughty 25
rebuked him.
Old man, let me not here by the fleet ships hap to detect thee,
Neither now delaying, nor e'er hereafter returning,
Lest the sceptre and crown of the god but little avail thee.
Her thy daughter I loose not before old age in my household
Royal in Argos, afar from her home and country deflow'r her, 30
Plying daily the loom on my bed as captive attendant:
Go then, avoid to incense me, that hence thy return be the
safer.
Fear on the old man fell, he obeyed his word, and away went
Mute by the sea-beat shore 'mid the myriad din of the billows,
Till far off departed a pray'r outpoured he to royal 35
Phœbus Apollo, the son of beautiful-haired Latona.
Hear me, O silver-bowed, that the round of Chrysa benignant
Walk'st, and Cilla divine, and mighty in Tenedos reignest,
Smintheus; if I have hung glad wreaths on thy temple, if oxen
Chosen and goats I have offered in heav'n-borne flame of thy 40
altars,
This grace grant me, my tears avenge on the Greeks with thy
arrows.

Thus imploring he uttered, and ear to him Phœbus Apollo
Gave, and wrothful in heart down stooped from the peaks of Olympus,
Bearing his bow on shoulder, and feathery shafts case-guarded.
Hurtled by haste of his going, his arrows deadly behind him 45
Clanked as he moved, on-sweeping he passed like night in his anger;
Seated afar from the ships he fitted a shaft, and against them
Launched; terrific the clang of the bow of silver resounded.
First upon hounds light-footed and mules the storm he directed,
Next at themselves discharging his darts keen-biting, he 50 smote them
Fast, and the fires of death unceasingly blazed in the army.
Nine whole days on the host poured fiercely the rain of his arrows,
Now on the tenth to a council Achilles summoned the people,
Thereto minded by prompting of Juno th' ivory-wristed,
Who for the Greeks felt ruth when dying apace she beheld 55 them.
They being all collected and thronged in council-assembly,

Thus uprising addressed them the swift Peleid Achilles.
King Agamemnon, meseemeth that home to return it behoves us
Would we from death escape, since war and plague with united
Force oppress us; but come, some priest consult we, or augur; 60
Yea, or dreamer, for dreams are surely of Jupiter authored,
Who by his art may show why thus incensed is Apollo;
If vows slackly acquitted he blame or stint of oblations,
If deign may he, inhaling the steam sweet-smelling of oxen
Chosen or perfect rams, this bane to avert from the people. 65
This having said his seat he resumed, and thereupon up rose
Calchas, son of Thestor, supreme in wisdom of augurs,
Who knew passing events, and approaching and those of aforetime,
And to the Ilian shores in the fleet had led the Achæans
Through the prophetic skill vouchsafed him by Phœbus Apollo; 70
He to the public weal well-minded arose and addressed them.
Thou would'st have me unfold, O Heaven-befriended Achilles,
Why thus wroth is the king, the afar-off-shooting Apollo:
This then will I reveal: but assure me thou, and before heav'n
Swear that in word and deed thou wilt to me promptly be 75
aidful:

Since my speech, if I err not, a man will anger, of Argives
All who primeth in might, and by whom are swayed the Achæans:
Yea, and prevaileth a king when incensed with a man of the commons;
For though seeming to-day to digest his wrath, yet unsleeping
Still in his heart he nurses the grudge, till watched-for occasion 80
Serve him to wreak it: declare then, my stay wilt thou be and safeguard?
Thus to him answer addressed speed-famed Peleid Achilles;
Speak out boldly whate'er thine augury gives to thy knowledge,
For by Apollo, beloved of Jove, whom, Calchas, adoring
Thou to the princes of Greece oracular lore impartest, 85
No man here at the fleet while breath I enjoy, and the sunlight
View upon earth, shall dare to upraise hand forceful against thee;
No, not of Argives all, though e'en thou nam'st Agamemnon,
Who now 'mong the Achæans the foremost empery boasteth.
Thereon the seer unblamed took heart and his oracle uttered: 90
Not for unheeded vow is he wroth, nor victim unoffered,

But for his high-priest's sake, whom king Agamemnon affronted,
Neither released his child, nor deigned to the ransom acceptance.
Angered at this hath smitten and yet will smite us Apollo,
Nor will slacken the weight of his hand, nor stay the malignant 95
Pest, to her home and sire till bear we the livelily-glancing
Damsel, unbought, unransomed, and lead to Chrysa a sacred
Hecatomb: if this do we, prevail we may and atone him.
This having uttered, he sate; and thereon arose to the council
Atreus' son heroic, the puissant lord Agamemnon, 100
Troubled with grief: gloom baleful his mind o'erclouded, with anger
Heaved his labouring breast, like fire was the glare of his eyeballs;
Darting first upon Calchas a low'ring glance he addressed him.
Augur of ill! nought e'er hath announced thy tongue to my comfort!
Aye, to thy soul delight 'tis to bode things hateful and evil; 105
Message of good thou ne'er hast spoken or helped to accomplish;

Now forsooth in the army with babble of augury prat'st thou,
Saying that hence offended with these dire plagues to infest us
Roused is Apollo, because for the ransom costly refused I
Fair Chryseis to yield: since captive at home to retain her 110
Great my desire is; whom e'en to Clytemnæstra my maid-wed
Wife I prefer: and truly in no way ranks she beneath her,
No, not in shape and beauty, in mind nor skill as a housewife.
Natheless will I resign her if so may Greece be advantaged;
Surely the weal of the people, and not their death my desire is. 115
But fresh gift then at once provide me, that I of Achæans
Be not alone by reward ungraced, which were not befitting:
Since this seen by ye all is, my guerdon away from me goeth.
Unto him thus made answer divine swift-footed Achilles:
Atreus' son, in glory, in greed of riches unrivalled, 120
How can the great-souled Greeks with a guerdon skill to provide thee?
Nought do we know of stores in the treasure common abounding.
What from the ransacked towns as spoil we procured is apportioned;
Which to resume from the people and re-assign it beseems not.

Yield thou now this girl to the God, we Greeks to repay 125
thee
Triple and quadruple worth will heed to assign, if supreme
Jove
Grant us to lay in the dust proud Ilion tower-engirdled.
Unto him answering spake th' imperial lord Agamemnon:
Nay, though like to the gods in war, most noble Achilles,
Not so thieve in thy mind: thou wilt nor entrap nor allure 130
me.
Thinkest thou to retain thy prize, while tamely I sit down
Mourning the loss of mine? and exhort'st thou me to release
her?
Well, if the great-souled Greeks with a fresh prize deign
to provide me
Meted in worth that for mine it compensate duly, so be it:
But be this not granted, myself will come in my puissance 135
Right to enforce, thy prize, or of Ithacus, haply, or Ajax
Bearing away: right sorely the man will chafe whom I come
to.
Nay, but this more ripely we will hereafter advise on:
Now to the salt-flood sacred a vessel sable impel we.

Meetly with oarsmen equip her, a hundred beeves for Apollo's 140
Altar enclose in her hold; then lead Chryseis the fair-cheeked
Damsel aboard: as ruler be one of the princes appointed;
Ajax, Idomeneus, or counsel-abounding Ulysses,
Or thyself, Pelion divine, dread wonder of all men,
That by ritual holy be made with Phœbus atonement. 145
Answer with frown disdainful returned swift-footed Achilles;
Ha! thou minded on gain, in effrontery clothed as a garment!
How should son of Achæa be moved with zeal at thy bidding
Toils of march to endure, or stoutly in battle acquit him?
Not for feud of my own with the Trojans bold in encounter 150
Came I of arms to engage: no injury plead I against them:
Verily ne'er from my fields drave they my cattle or horses,
Ne'er in the fat-glebed tilths of Phthia the people-abounding
Waste of the fruits they made: since mighty and ample between us
Tower the dark-gloomed hills and roars the tumultuous ocean: 155
But thy behest, ingrate, in zeal for thy service, obeyed we,
For Menelaus and thee, o fronted as hound, on the Trojans
Glory to win; of which thou reck'st not at all, nor account mak'st.

Threat'st thou now of my prize to bereave me, dearly in hard fight
Wearisome earned, by the sons of Greece as guerdon assigned me: 160
Ne'er prize equal to thine obtain I, whene'er the Achæans
Ransack victory-crowned an abounding town of the Trojans:
Most of the hurrying march and the fight's impetuous onslaught
Is by my hands conducted; but when war's spoil is apportioned
Thy share far is the greater; and I with little rewarded 165
Carry it home much-prized to my tent, of combat aweary.
Now to Phthia I go, since better by far to return 'tis
Home in the crow-beaked ships; nor wilt thou here, or misdeem I,
Treating me thus with affront, much increase pile in thy coffers.
Unto him thus made answer the ruler of men Agamemnon: 170
Fly then, fly, if thy heart so impels thee; dream not I woo thee

Here to remain: to my crown, thou gone, will fail not upholders
Trusty, the chief 'mongst whom is Jupiter, author of counsel.
Thou of the Jove-nurst kings in my sight most hateful esteemed art,
For that in strife aye joyeth thy soul, in bloodshed and outrage: 175
If strength flow in thy nerves, that, ween I, of Heaven a gift is.
Get thee home with thy ships and company, there at thy liking
Over the Myrmidons lord it; for me I reck not about thee
Nor take thought of thy rages; and hear now! thus do I threat thee:
Seeing that Phœbus Apollo of fair Chryseis bereaves me, 180
Her to her home in ship of my own well manned by my people
Will I despatch: then seize I Briseis rosily-tinted
Going myself to thy tent, thy prize: that clearly be taught thee

How far I am the stronger, and each shall loathe who beholds it
Proudly to face me as equal, and bold words bandy against me. 185
Thus as he spake to the quick was Achilles stung, and a conflict
Stirred in his breast heroic his heart, by debate distracted,
Should he his falchion biting unsheathe, and through the attendants
Forcing a way, down fell to the ground and slaughter Atrides,
Or strong mastery should he exert, and bridle his anger. 190
While these things in his heart he revolved, and now from the scabbard
Half had unsheathed his blade, on a sudden Pallas Athene
Stooped from Olympus at bidding of Juno th' ivory-wristed,
Who to the chieftains twain in her heart bare equal affection;
Standing behind him she took by the yellow tresses Achilles, 195
Visible only to him, none else had pow'r to behold her.
Round in amaze he turned him, and straightway Pallas Athene
Saw he and knew: from her eyes beamed light of terror unearthly:

Crying aloud he called her, and wing-borne words to her uttered.

Wherefore com'st, thou daughter of Jupiter ægis-bearing? 200

Is't to behold with thy eyes the tyrannic pride of Atrides?

Now I declare, and, think I, the words shall crowned by event be,

Death, of his acts of scorn avenger, is o'er him impending.

Unto him thus made answer the blue-eyed Pallas Athene:

Pause to impose on thy anger, if thou wilt hearken, I seek 205 thee,

Sped from Olympus at bidding of Juno th' ivory-wristed,

Who to the king and thee in her heart bears equal affection:

Come then, cease from affray, and thy glaive let sleep in the scabbard;

Yet with reproachful words to thy fill assail him and spare not.

Yea, for I thus declare, and the words shall lack not achieve- 210 ment;

Glorious gifts hereafter of threefold worth for this outrage

Shall to atone thee woo; then exert control and obey us.

Unto her answering spake swift-foot Peleid Achilles:

Goddess, though sore angered, I needs must yield to thy dictates:
Whoso obeyeth the gods, in return do they to him hearken. 215
Thus having said, he stayed with weight of his hand on the silver
Hilt, and back in the sheath his great sword drave, nor Athene's
Word disobeyed: she swift upsoared to Olympus, and ent'ring
Jove's bright halls, th' assembly rejoined of the blessed Immortals.
Then brake forth Pelion afresh, with bitter invective 220
Railing against Atrides, nor yet put stay to his anger.
Bibber of wine, dog-faced, deer-hearted; in arms to the combat
Forth with thy people to march thou ne'er hast dared, nor in ambush
Grecia's chosen to join: well knoweth thy heart that it is so.
Aye, 'tis more to thy 'vantage to rove in the army Achæan, 225
Robbing of guerdon whoe'er in debate outspoken offend thee:
People-devouring king, o'er tame herd ruler, or else sure
Had'st thou now, Atrion, the last of thy outrages authored.

Now I affirm, and with oath of might am prompt to avouch it—
Yea, this sceptre I swear by, that ne'er shall branches or verdure 230
Gender again, once reft from the parent trunk in the mountains,
Nor shall spring or increase; for the keen-edged bronze from around it
Rind and leafage hath lopped: and now those sons of Achæa
Wield it to whom as judges the guard of justice and hallowed
Laws is of Jove entrusted—an oath most sacred and awful— 235
Unto the sons of the Greeks shall come a desire of Achilles:
Unto them all like one: then in vain shalt thou to assist them
Strive deep-grieving, when onset of hero-slaughtering Hector
Purples the field with carnage; and thou shalt rue, with acute sting
Pricked of remorse, that affront thou gav'st to the best of Achæans. 240
Thus as he said, Pelion adown his sceptre on earth cast
Bossy with studs of gold, and sate: nor less Agamemnon
Raged with an answering anger: to calm them Nestor upstarted,
Ruler and sage of Pylos, of tongue soft-spoken, in council

Suasive, the stream of words from his mouth flowed sweeter 245
than honey.
Passed had away two ages of speaking men, that aforetime
Nurture in Pylian land and life with him shared; of a third age
Now was he king; their weal intending he rose and addressed
them.
Woe is me! fearful grief now glooms on the land of Achæa;
Priam and Priam's sons will glad be of heart, and the people 250
All that in Ilion dwell will joy with a mighty rejoicing,
When they hear that betwixt you twain this feud is engendered,
You that in council and arms shine foremost 'mong the
Achæans.
Come, be advised of me: ye both are younger than I am:
Mightier men than ye are I walked with of old, and my 255
counsel
Ne'er they spurned: not again these eyes shall look upon
heroes
Like Pirithous brave, like Dryas, guider of peoples,
Exadius, Cæneus, divine Polyphemus, and Ægeus'
Progeny, Theseus sovran, in form who vied with Immortals.
Mighty beyond compare they fought foes mighty, the Centaurs 260

Laired in the mountain wilds, and subduing mightily slew them.
Converse shared I of old with these men, going from far off
Pylos, in Apian land; themselves had prayed me to join them;
Yea, and as helped my power, I fought: 'mong all that alive are
Now upon earth, not a man, be assured, could face them in 265
combat.
These chiefs took me to counsel, and hearkened unto my guidance:
So do ye likewise hearken, for 'vantage 'twill be to do so.
Thou, though tow'ring in sway, forbear of the girl to deprive him,
Leave her, who unto him erst by the vote of Greece was awarded;
Nor do thou, Pelion, against our sovran in eager 270
Rivalry strive; since ne'er hath ruler of men by supreme Jove's
Grace with sceptre endowed, such glory received as Atrides:
If strength flow in thy nerves, and thy birth thou hast from a Goddess,
Still is he more exalted, because more people he ruleth.

Curb thou, King Agamemnon, thy wrath; while I from 275
Achilles
Calm entreat of his anger; with heartfelt pray'r I implore him,
Who from the stress of war as a rampire shields the Achæans.
Unto him thus made answer the emperor king Agamemnon:
Yea, good father, thy words are well and beseemingly spoken:
But this man, as supreme o'er all aspires to exalt him, 280
All to command he lusteth, of all to be king, at his orders
All to control as he wills: wherein to obey him I think not.
Grant that by grace of Olympus in might of war he excelleth,
Claimeth his tongue thence charter to rail and riot in outrage?
Interrupting retorted divine Peleid Achilles: 285
Base indeed and craven I were if I yielded in all things
Unto thy bidding: exert elsewhere thine empery, give not
Me thy commands: no longer thy hests to obey am I purposed:
Aye, and this I announce; in thy mind digest and revolve it.
Not for a damsel I deign in affray of blood to engage me 290
Nor with thee nor another; ye gave and now ye retake her:
But for the rest that I hold by my dark swift ship, not a tittle
Shall of that by thy pow'r in despite of me be away borne.
Come, make trial, that all now here th' attempt and event see

Quickly around my spear shall gush forth purple thy life-blood. 295
Thus they twain contended with words of reproach, then arising
Went their ways, and dispersed was the grand consult of Achæans.
Unto his tents Pelion and vessels taut, by Menœteus'
Son, and by troop escorted of comrades trusty betook him;
Meanwhile sovran Atrides a swift ship down to the deep drew, 300
Chose for her oarsmen twenty, the hundred beeves to Apollo
Vowed, in her hold disposed; then aboard conducted the fair-cheeked
Maid Chryseis; as chief went counsel-abounding Ulysses.
They embarking the moist ways ploughed. Next purification
Unto the army enjoined Agamemnon: they at his order 305
Purification made, and the off-scour into the deep cast:
Likewise unto Apollo with faultless ritual offered
Bulls and unblemished goats by the shore of unharvested Ocean;
Heav'nward circled the smoke, up-whirling the savoury fragrance.
While these things by the people in camp were wrought, 310
Agamemnon

Nought of his ireful intent to Achilles threatened, abated;
But Talthybius trusty and grave Eurybates summoned,
Known as his envoys twain, in his service loyal and active.
Go to the tent, ye twain, of divine Peleid Achilles,
Thence by the hand lead off Briseis rosily-tinted: 315
Should he refuse to resign her, myself will come with a puissance
Ample, and main force use, which worse shall rouse his abhorrence.
Saying this he dismissed them, and utt'rance haughtier added;
They unwillingly trode by the shore of unharvested Ocean,
Till to the Myrmidon's tents they came: there fast by his 320 hollow
Bark they found him reclined; nor joyed as he saw them Achilles.
Both o'ermastered with awe, and revering the king majestic
Stood, nor gave him salute of speech, nor demand to him uttered:
He in his heart however divined their drift, and addressed them.
Hail to ye, heralds sacred, of men and Jupiter envoys, 325

Nigh to me draw, nought fearing; I blame not you, but Atrides,
Bidden by whom ye seek me to bear hence lovely Briseis.
Come, divine Patroclus, the maid bring forth, to the conduct
Be she of these committed; and now both bear ye me witness;
Bear it to God's immortal, to men death-destined, and bear it 330
Unto the tyrant king; when need of my service arises
Shame and death from the rest to avert:—nay surely insensate
Rages his soul; nor looks he before and after, unweeting
How to preserve at the fleet from disaster fell his Achæans.
Thus he spoke, and Patroclus his loved friend's mandate 335 obeying
Forth from the tent conducted the fair Briseis, and gave her
Into the envoy's charge: they back to the Argive vessels
Went, and the damsel with them against her will: but Achilles
Weeping, apart from his friends, on the grey shore lone in his anguish
Sate, and gazing afar on the flood dark-purpling of Ocean, 340
Loudly with outstretched hands poured forth to his mother entreaty.
Mother, since thou bar'st me to death untimely predestined,

Bound was Olympian Jove with renown and glory to grace me;
Yet now grants he me none; for the ruler of men Agamemnon
Open affront hath done me, my prize usurping and holding. 345
Weeping thus he implored, and his mother divine his entreaty
Heard, by her aged sire in the far deeps sitting of Ocean:
Swift like silvery mist uprose she from out of the sea-wave
Hoar, and down by him sate, while salt tears bitter he poured forth,
Gently caressed with her hand, and called him by name, and 350 addressed him.
Son, what causes thy tears? what trouble thy breast hath invaded?
Utter it, hide it not: with thy grief let both be acquainted.
Unto her sighing deeply replied swift-footed Achilles:
Lo! thou know'st, why, knowing the tale to be told desir'st thou?
Sacred Thebes, Eetion's town, our army beleaguered, 355
Took by assault, and sacked it, and home brought safely the booty:
This in proportion just divided the Greeks, to Atrides
Voting as guerdon royal Chryseis rosily-tinted:

Thereupon Chryses, priest of afar-off-shooting Apollo,
Came to the vessels swift of the brazen-coated Achæans, 360
Seeking to free his daughter, and ransom inestimate off'ring,
Holding the crowns in his hands of the far-destroying Apollo,
Ranged on a golden sceptre, and all Greeks sued with entreaty,
Mostly the twain Atridæ, the orderers chief of the people.
Then with applauding shout consented the rest of Achæans 365
Meetly the priest to revere and the ransom costly to welcome;
But not so was it pleasing to Atreus' son Agamemnon,
Who with rebuff dismissed, and with threatenings haughty rebuked him.
Angered in heart departed the aged priest, and Apollo
Favouring heard his pray'r, for he loved him much, and an ill 370 shaft
Sped from unerring bow at the Argive army, the people
Fell plague-stricken in heaps: through th' whole wide camp of Achæa
Searched them the fell shafts fateful; a seer then rose up amongst us
Who, divinely instructed, Apollo's augury shewed forth;
Counsel I gave, exhorting to make with Phœbus atonement; 375

Whereat wroth was Atrion, and rising 'midst the assembly
Fierce threat launched he against me, to which indeed his achievement
Now sets crown; for the Greeks quick-glancing-of-eyne in a swift ship
Bear that damsel to Chrysa, and gifts convey to Apollo;
While e'en now from my tent the envoys despatched by Atrides 380
Ta'en have Brises' daughter, as prize whom gave me the Grecians.
Now to thy son be true, and succor, if able, afford him:
Up to Olympus rising, implore Jove, if of aforetime
Either in word or deed thou wrought'st him service accepted—
Yea, for in halls of my sire full well I remember I heard thee 385
Oft-times proudly recount that alone erstwhile of Immortals
Loathly disaster thou from the cloud-assembler averted'st,
When that to bind him in chains had plotted the pow'rs of Olympus,
Juno, and he whom obeyeth the main, and Pallas Athene;
Then thou rising aloft from abhorred captivity freed'st him, 390
Calling in haste to the tow'rs of Olympus lofty the Titan
Five-score handed, in heaven Briareus clept, but among men

Beareth he name Ægeon, in might his sire who excelleth:
He by Cronion's side took seat in his glory rejoicing,
Him the Olympians feared, nor to bind Jove further attempted. 395
This now bid him remember, and stoop, and his knees enclasping
Urge him prevailing strength by his aid to infuse in the Trojans;
While to the ships and sea with slaughter he drives the Achæans
Broken in rout, that of all their ruler's folly be tasted;
And be it known to Atrides, the emperor-king Agamemnon, 400
How insanely he raged when the best of the Greeks he affronted.
Tears from her eyes fast falling, the goddess answer returned him:
Woe is me! why, dear son, with pangs to the light did I bear thee?
Why did I nurse? ah! would that at ease, unweeping, uninjured,
Thou by the ships might'st dwell, since span so short is 405 allowed thee:

Now most fleeting at once, and most with danger and hardship
Vexed is thy life; in regal abode ill-fated I bore thee!
Best is it now that I soar to the snow-crowned heights of Olympus,
There thy plaint to relate to supreme Jove, joying in thunder:
Meanwhile tarrying thou by the dark ships, coursers of ocean, 410
'Gainst the Achæans' rage, and wholly from share in the warfare
Cease; for behold yestreen by the court immortal attended
Jove to Oceanus hied, with the blameless Ethiopians
Deigning to banquet; in twelve days' space he returns to Olympus;
Then to the brass-paved dome of Jupiter will I betake me, 415
There at his knees entreat him, and win him, think I, to hearken.
These words uttered, away to the deep she betook her, and left him
Vexed with resentment bitter at thought of the fair-zoned damsel
Forcibly reft from his arms: meanwhile to Chrysa Ulysses

Came with his crew, conducting the beeves devote to Apollo. 420
Soon as the vessel the depths of the sheltering haven had entered,
Sail they struck and laid in the ship: then deftly with haulyards
Lowered the mast to the crutch, and with oars pulled home to the landing:
Then cast anchoring stones, and with hawsers fast to the shore made:
Forth then stepped themselves on the surf-beat margin of 425
ocean;
Forth too led from the vessel the beeves devote to Apollo:
Last from the ship sea-coursing ashore came lovely Chryseis.
Her to Apollo's altar the counsel-abounding Ulysses
Leading, resigned to the hands of her much-loved sire and addressed him:
Chryses, lo! as envoy of the ruler of men Agamemnon, 430
Come I, bidden thy child to restore, and costly oblation
Pay for Greece to Apollo, to turn from his anger the dread king
Lord of the bow: who now full sorely afflicts the Achæans.
Saying this to his hands he resigned her, the old man o'erjoyed

Took to his arms his child : then quickly the beeves to Apollo 435
Destined, in order around his well-built altar arrayed they :
Next, as behoved, washed hands, and the meal upraised of oblation :
Chryses lifting his arms to the god prayed loudly before them.
Hear me, O silver-bowed, that around fair Chrysa thy loved haunt
Mak'st, and Cilla divine, and mighty in Tenedos reignest ; 440
Thou in my need erstwhile to my pray'r gav'st ear and acceptance,
Glory to me vouchsafing, and chast'ning sore the Achæans ;
O yet again to me hearken, and grant this grace to thy servant,
Now by thy power divine the abhorred pest turn from the Grecians.
Thus imploring he spake ; nor his ear averted Apollo : 445
They having offered pray'r and sprinkled the meal of oblation,
Backward drawing the necks of the beeves, slew deftly and flayed them ;
Next disjointed the thighs, and in sweetest layers of the fat wrapped,
Fashioning doubled cauls, crude morsels spreading upon them.

These on the wood-coals glowing the priest burnt, ruddy 450
libation
Pouring of wine: nigh waited with five-pronged forks the
attendants.
Soon as the thighs were throughly consumed, and tasted the
inwards,
Slashing the rest in slices, on spits they pierced them, and
roasted
Daintily, then drew forth: toil o'er and ready the tables
Down to the well-shared feast they sate, and fed to contentment. 455
Soon as the craving of drink and meat was sated, the youths
crowned
Bowls full-flowing with wine, libation poured, and in order
Bare to the guests: with song untiring the flow'r of the heroes
Courted the grace of the God, forth chanting a beauteous
Pæan,
Hymning the Far-destroyer: he joyed in his soul as he heard 460
them.
When now set was the sun, and the veil of dusk was on ether,
Down by the mooring-ropes of the ship they laid them to
slumber:

But when the lady of light peered forth, fair Morn rosy-fingered
Forth they launched to return to the wide-stretched camp of Achæans.
Fore-right wind fresh-blowing inspired far-darting Apollo; 465
Up they lifted the mast, and the white sails hoisted, the breeze smote
Full on the bellying canvas, the dark wave purple of Ocean
Surged at the prow loud roaring, as on bore eager the vessel;
Path on the wave unswerving she held, swift walking the waters.
Back to the army returned, their dark-ribbed vessel uphauled 470 they
High on the sands, and shoring with timbers lengthy secured her:
Then to the tents, their ranks to rejoin, diversely betook them.
Meanwhile sitting apart by the fleet ships sable, in anger
Brooded the scion of Jove, speed-famed Peleid Achilles,
Nor to the council went, ennobler of men, nor assistance 475
Gave in the field of strife, but to idlesse sullen abandoned
Wasted his heart, aye pining for joy and shout of the battle.

But when the rays of the twelfth fair dawn shone ruddying ether,
Then came back to Olympus in joint assembly the blessed Gods,
Jupiter heading the train; nor Thetis of hest of her offspring 480
Lay unmindful, but swift from the wave uprising, in hoar mist
Robed of the morn, to Olympus and heav'n's dome blissful ascended:
Jupiter there far-seeing she found from the rest of Immortals
Seated apart, on summit of hundred-crested Olympus:
Sinking before him, his knee with her left she clasped, with 485 her right hand
Taking his beard, and thus Jove mighty Cronion implored she:
Father of all, great Jove, if e'er 'mong Gods I have helped thee
Either in word or deed this boon to accord me refuse not—
Grace with glory my son; to a death most swift by relentless
Destiny doomed: yet now hath the ruler of men Agamemnon 490
Shamed him with open affront, his prize usurping and holding.
But thou, Lord of Olympus, supreme in wisdom, avenge him;
Strength to the forces of Troy impart, until the Achæans

Pine with desire of my son, and aloft in glory exalt him.
So implored she; but answer the Cloud-assembler returned not, 495
Mute long space he remained: then she his knees with enlacement
Closer enclasped like tendril, and urged yet again her entreaty:
Yield me assent downright, and thy nod vouchsafe in assurance,
Or deny me; for held not by fear is thy tongue; and assure me
How of Immortals all most vile in thy sight am I counted. 500
Jove in reply deep-sighing the lord of thunder addressed her:
Doings deadly be these: 'twixt me and Juno a fierce strife
Wilt thou gender, who loves to upbraid me 'mong the Immortals,
Girding me aye with taunt that I aid in battle the Trojans.
Haste thee now, and return to the depths, lest Juno observe 505 thee;
Be to my care and counsel resigned thy desire to accomplish:
Nay, yet a nod of assent I e'en will give, that inspired be
Trust in thy soul: for known 'tis I vouchsafe this to Immortals
Pledge and token supreme: since ne'er is revoked, nor unfaithful
Proveth or unfulfilled what I once have nodded assent to. 510

Thus as he spake, down bending his eyebrows sable Cronion
Nodded; upwaving flowed th' ambrosial locks on the deathless
Head of the sovran eternal, and trembled the mighty Olympus.
They having ended counsel arose and parted, the goddess
Into the salt deep leapt from the shining crest of Olympus; 515
Jove to his own house turned; in accord uprose the Immortals
Off their thrones their sire to receive: none dared as he neared them
Still to await him, but all ranged standing to do him obeisance.
Seat on his throne he took; nor Juno when she beheld him
Knew not that late in consult had secretly been with him 520
Thetis
Silver-footed, the child of the god age-stricken of Ocean:
Forthwith unto Cronion with words of taunt she addressed her.
What God share hath enjoyed, thou weaver of wiles, in thy counsel?
Ever apart from me to enact in privity lov'st thou
Stealthy decrees: to thy wife ne'er freely thy mind is imparted. 525
Unto her thus made answer the Father of men and Immortals:
Juno, knowledge full to acquire of the plans of my wisdom

Hope not; a task o'er-weighty for thee, though graced as my consort.
What for thy ear to receive is fitting, to none of Immortals
That, nor of earth-born men, shall sooner than thee be imparted; 530
But for the things that aloof from the gods to scheme I determine,
Knowledge seek not of those, nor explore each point with inquiry.
Juno revered of the cows fair eyes thus made to him answer:
O what reproof has thy tongue, most harsh Saturnius, uttered!
E'en to excess, ere now, from search of thy counsel abstain I; 535
What to reveal thou will'st that unasked, untroubled impart'st thou;
But now stricken my soul is with fear, that the silver-footed
Daughter of th' old sea-god hath craftily practised upon thee;
She in mist of the morning preferred her pray'r at thy footstool;
Yea, and thou, I suspect thy assent hast nodded, Achilles 540
High to exalt in glory, and thousands slay of Achæans.
Thus in reply Jove mighty the Cloud-assembler addressed her:

Subtle one, aye at work is thy mind, from thy watch I escape not:
Yet this shall not serve to thy heart's desire, but estrange thee
More from my grace, with annoy which shall more bitter offend thee. 545
If 'tis as thou suspect'st, e'en so 'twill be to my liking.
Take seat, cease from wrangling, obedience yield to my mandate;
Lest th' whole pow'r of the gods who dwell in Olympus avail thee
Nought, when the terror I loose of my hands invincible on thee.
Great fear fell at this on gazelle-eyed Juno majestic; 550
Silent sate she, with struggle the storm of her heart repressing:
Gloom in the house of Jove came over the blessed Immortals;
Unto whom spake Hephæstus, renowned art-worker, assuagement
Seeking to bear to his mother, the fair queen ivory-wristed.
Bane incurable hence will spring, and passing endurance, 555
If for sake of the children of earth thus fiercely ye bicker,

Brawl in the courts divine upstirring, nor aught of enjoyment
Will from the fair feast flow, for the worse lords over the better.
Now to my mother, herself discreet of counsel, advise I
Father Jove to appease with engaging words, that he break not 560
Out in reproaches again, and the banquet plunge in disorder.
For should he, dread lord of Olympian fires, to dethrone us
Will, and drive to th' abysses, in vain his might we resisted;
But with address fair-spoken entreat him, quick from his anger
Will he be turned, and with light of his smile will gladden Olympus. 565
Thus he spake, and arising a two-cupped goblet with nectar
Filled to the brim, and bare to his mother beloved and addressed her:
Nay, though touched to the quick, dear mother, endure and rebel not,
Lest on sorrowing eyes of thy son force be to behold thee
Stricken with blows; then alas! sore grieving in heart to assist thee 570
Power I naught shall have; for to rival Olympius hard is.

Once in quarrel of old to defend thee when I was eager,
Caught by the heel he sheer from the portal ethereal hurled me:
Down all day I tumbled in air, till just with the sunset
Ground in Lemnos I struck, of life but little was in me; 575
Sintian men there found, and away conveyed me, and tended.
Cheered to smile as he spake was the fair queen ivory-wristed,
And from his offering hand with a smile accepted the goblet:
Then to the rest all round fair-omened order observing
Bare he, the luscious nectar from bowl out-ladling abundant; 580
'Mong the Olympians blissful arose unquenchable laughter,
Moved at sight of Hephæstus, in Heav'n's halls plying his office.
Then they the livelong day, till verged had the sun to the western
Wave, held banquet divine; nor lacking was aught to rejoice them;
Not fair sound of the lyre, whose chords were swept by Apollo, 585
Nor harmonious strain of the Muses chanting in answer.
But when the glorious light of the sun sank shrouded in Ocean,
Each god hied for repose to his home, where halting Hephæstus
Lord of skilful devices for each had builded a mansion.

Jove to his couch ascended, Olympian hurler of lightnings, 590
Where to recline he was used, when sweet sleep came on his eyelids:
There he slumbered, the gold-throned queen, fair Juno, beside him.

ARISTOPHANES.

From the Parabasis of the Aves.—L. 685, 689.

Come children of men, ye of darksome life, fast-fading as race of the leafage,
Puny of effort, compounded of clay, generations shadowy, nerveless,
Unwinged, of ephemeral span, death-doomed, woe-laden, as dreams evanescent;
Come, hearken to us, ethereal birds, undying, eternal enduring,
Waning not, aging not, aye shining in light, of counsel and glory decayless. 5

Do.—L. 693, 697.

NIGHT first, and Chaos, and Erebus dark existed, and Tartarus outstretched;

No being had Earth yet, or ether, or Heav'n; but in depth unbounded of Hades

Was an egg primæval by black-winged Night brought forth of the breezes impregnate;

From which in the cycle revolving of hours sprang Love, the desired, the delightsome,

On his back starred brightly with plumage of gold, like blasts of impetuous whirlwind. 5

MOSCHUS.

Elegy on Bion.—L. 106, 111.

Ah me! look ye! abroad in the fields when lilies or asters
Die, or fair flow'r-Delice, or whorled fresh-shooting acanthus,
Quick in the next year's season anew they spring and re-flourish:
We, race sovran of man, we great, or sage, or heroic,
Once when die we, in earth's dark womb uncared for, unheard of, 5
Sleep we a right long sleep, never ending, ne'er to be waked from.

CATULLUS.

Carmen LXX.

UNTO me voweth my love, that none to myself as a husband
Would she prefer, though e'en wooed her Olympian Jove:
Yea, so voweth her tongue: but a mistress' words to an eager
Lover, in hurrying wave need to be written and wind.

I subjoin the original of this piece, together with the translation of it by Sir Philip Sidney, one of the earliest who endeavoured to reproduce classical metres in English.

ORIGINAL.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
  Quam mihi, non si se Juppiter ipse petat:
Dicit: sed mulier cupido quæ dicit amanti,
  In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S TRANSLATION.

Unto nobody, my woman saith, she had rather a wife be
Than to myself; not though Jove grew a suitor of hers.
These be her words; but a woman's words to a love that is eager
In wind and water's wave do require to be writ.

VIRGIL. GEORGICS.

Book II.—L. 458 to end of Book.

Ah! too happy, the bliss enjoyed by them if but knew they,
Sons of the soil! who far from abhorred war's clangor and outrage
Draw from the lap of earth, just due-giver, living abundant.
Though no palatial dome with portals stately, the flowing
Wave of morning saluters from hall and corridor outpours; 5
No doors ivory-lay'rd nor marbles of Africa, raiment
Thredded with gold, nor bronze Ephyreian gloating admire they:
Though their wool no scarlet imbibes of Assyrian poison,
Nor with Arabian spice their service of oil is infected:

But security tranquil, a life to deceive unknowing, 10
Dowered with home-bred wealth; range ample and ease in the champaign,
Live lakes, beauty of glens, cool grottoes, murmur of waters,
Lowing of herds, and slumber on herb tree-canopied, absent
Are not these: there game is in brake and thicket abounding,
There is a youth robust, contented, enduring of hardship; 15
Rites of the gods, and elders revered; there last, as upsoard'st thou
Parting from earth, O Justice, thy footsteps' trace was imprinted.
Chief do I pray that the Muses, ineffable source of supremest
Joy to my soul, whom smitten with love unbounded adore I,
Take me and teach me the stars and lore of th' heavenly 20 pathways;
Fainting-fits of the sun, and unwearied Cynthia's orbits;
Why doth the sick earth tremble; by what force urged the profound main
Swelling prevails on the shores, then turned is again and refloweth;
Why do the winter suns so swiftly to lave them in Ocean

Haste, what power inert to the long night's transit is 25
hindrance.
But should chill of the blood, in my veins o'er-tardily coursing,
Unto this arduous height forbid to me longing an entrance:
Let vale-freshening waters and lawns and meads my delight be;
Rivers to love and woods be it mine, and glory to know not.
Where be thy plains, Spercheius, and rolling flood? thy 30
recesses
O Taygetus ope me, by virgins Spartan in orgies
Danced on of bacchic rout: who afar in valleys of Hæmus
Cold will place, and with umbrage of arched boughs mighty
protect me?
Happy pronounce I the man who Nature's causes aright redes;
Who fears all of the soul, and remorseless destiny downcast 35
Tramples, and hell's black wave Acherontian, hungrily roaring!
He moreover is happy who converse hath with the rustic
Gods,—with Pan, Silvanus, and nymphs of river and highland!
Him not consular rods, not royal purple availeth
Aught to unnerve; not feud fresh stirring to battle unfaithful 40
Kin, nor from oath-bound Hister the hordes of Dacia swooping.
Empire Roman and wars and ruin of realms he regards not;

Nor with grief for the poor is saddened, the wealthy nor envies.
Fruits by the pendent boughs, by the willing fields in abundance
Offered, he plucks free-handed; nor iron laws, nor insensate 45
Wrangle of court and bar, nor records of the people beholds he.
Others afar on the blind deep toil, or rush to encounter
Fateful of arms, kings' portals and halls ancestral invade they;
This man slaughter unleashes on home and hearth, that in opalled
Cup may quaff he his wine, on purple of Sarra recumbent; 50
Wealth to amass one strives, and on hoard of gold is impassioned.
One at the Rostra in trance of marvel is awed; for redoubling,
Lo! through press of the benches applause of People and Fathers
Smites him agape with amaze. They joy imbrued in fraternal
Gore, and for exile drear sweet home and country relinquish, 55

Lands of an alien clime, illumined by strange sun seeking.
Worketh the farmer the soil with ploughshare crooked upturning:
Hence is his annual task; support for country and homestead
Hence obtains he; for oxen and steers yoke-weary provideth:
Ne'er is repose—on floweth the year; now teeming with apples, 60
Now or with young of the flock, or abundance golden of harvest;
Loaded with wealth of sheaves is the glebe, and granaries o'erflow.
Come is winter: in press are bruised Sicyonian berries;
Acorn-feasted the swine trudge home; store scarlet of arbutes
Yieldeth the wood; boon fruitage of autumn falls; and by tempered 65
Beams upon high slopes sunny to ripeness baked is the vintage.
Meanwhile hang on his kisses his infants prattling around him;

Chastity guardeth the pure-browed home: full-charged to the milk-maids
Drop their udders the cows; and the pampered kids in the lush green
Herbage, with adverse horns engage in wanton encounter. 70
He rites sacred of feasts directs; and at ease on the sward stretched,
While by his hinds round fire bowl flowing is crowned, with libation
Thee, Lenæus, invokes; and rouses his emulous herdsmen,
Prize for wrestle or race or spear-throw setting in elm-tree:
Iron limbs to the games they strip of the rustic palæstra. 75
Such in the pristine days of Sabellian life was and Oscan;
So lived Ilia's twins; so grew up Etruria mighty;
So majestical Rome consummate beauty of all things
Made was, and hills sev'n-towered in one wall's girdle encompassed.
Yea, for before the sceptre of Jove Dictæan, before men 80
New impiety daring on slain beeves bloody regale made,
So upon earth life glided serene of golden Saturnus.
Not yet blast of the trumpet in air had rung, not on anvil

Yet 'neath ponderous hammer the clash of falchion heard been.
But through spaces immense have coursed our wheels; and behoveth 85
Now of the chariot-horses the smoking necks to unburthen.

Georgics, Book III.—L. 1—48.

Next in thy laud, great Pales, and thine, Amphrysian herdsman,
Shall be my song; of rivers my theme is, and woods of Lycæus.
All that besides might charm with poesy languor of idlesse,
Now to the folk is common: to whom is untold Eurystheus
Harsh? of unpraised Busiris the altars who hath abhorred not? 5
Hylas, Naiad-beloved who knoweth not? Isle of Latona
Delian? Hippodamia and Pelops ivory-shouldered
Lord of the steed-rapt car? new way must tried be that I too
Soar from the ground, and victor on wings of fame be aloft borne.

First, if life be allowed me, enticed will I from the sovran 10
Throne of Aonian heights, bring home to my country the
Muses:
First will I to thy clime, O Mantua, palms of Idume
Bear; and amidst thy verdure upraise of marble a temple
Nigh to the flood, where winding immense in tardy meanders
Mincius erreth, his borders with green reeds tender adorning. 15
Cæsar himself shall grace me, aloft in the temple presiding.
I in his sight, ennobled in purple of Tyre, exultant
Victor, a hundred cars four-horsed will urge to the waters.
Leaving Alpheus' stream and Molorchus' groves, with in-
human
Cestus and eager race shall Grecia battle before me. 20
Wreathed on my brows with crownal of olive sheared, to the
athletes
Will I prizes award.. E'en now at the fanes to solemnise
Joy I the pomp, and beeves see slain on the altar; or else view
Wheeling with obverse fronts how shifteth the scene, and the
curtain
Purple by woven sons of Britannia lifted arises. 25
Wrought on the gates of gold and of ivory massy, the conflicts

Shall be of Hindoos storied, and conquering arms of Quirinus;
Here too surging with war shall Nilus aboundingly flowing
Shown be, and pillars naval in rostrate splendour arising.
Asia's o'erthrown towns shall joined be with these, and Niphates 30
Fall'n, and in arrowy flight confiding Parthia's horsemen;
Victory twofold wrung from a diverse foe, and the peoples
Twice with triumphant war upon each coast smitten of Ocean.
Marbles informed with breath shall stand there, Parian idols,
Issue of Assarac old, and names of the Jove-descended 35
Progeny, Tros ancestral, and Troy's high author, Apollo.
Envy aghast shall tremble, the rueful wave of Cocytus
Fearing, and pangs undying of snake-encoiled Ixion,
Ne'er upheavable boulder, and fell wheel whirling eternal.
Meanwhile bidden by thee, Mæcenas, thread I the tangles 40
Leafy and untouched glades of the nymphs, task hard of achievement:
Only with thee song lofty my mind conceives. Up, arouse thee,
Shake off idle delay: with a vast shout calleth Cithæron,
Loud is the cry of Laconian hounds, and loud Epidaurus

Tamer of horse; round cheering the groves peal answering 45
echo.
Soon however to sing th' impetuous battles of Cæsar
Will I address me, and blazon his name through cycle of ages
Far-stretched, e'en as Cæsar from birth is remote of Tithonus.

VIRGIL. ÆNEID.

Book VI.—L. 855—887.

THUS Anchises, and adds while rapt they listen in wonder:
See, with the noblest spoils of war Marcellus advances
Proudly adorned, and victor in height o'ertops the assemblage!
He Rome's state, sore reeling in storm, shall steady; the Punic
Might and rebellious Gaul on his horse down-trample, and 5 third arms
Reft from a chief shall hang in ancestral fane of Quirinus.
Here to his sire Eneas, at side who saw of the hero
Pacing in star-bright armour a youth of glorious beauty,
But scant lustre of joy on his brow and his eyes upon earth cast:

Who with the man divine, O father, is seen in attendant 10
Converse walking? his son, or an heir of the line of his offspring?
Hark to the murmur around of his mates! how proudly he bears him!
But wings sable of night with opaque gloom circle his temples.
Thus in reply his sire while tears forth well from his eyelids:
O son! bid me not utter the woe supreme of thy people; 15
But to appear upon earth will fate permit him, abode there
Will she deny. Too haughty, ye sovran pow'rs of Olympus,
Deemed ye the might of Rome, such gifts as her own if enjoying.
Ah! what wailing of men will that famed plain by the war-god's
Royal city resound! what ostents of death with amazement 20
Will Tiberinus behold, by his fresh-raised tomb as he glideth!
Ne'er in Latian sires shall child of Dardanus issued
Hope so lofty enkindle: nor e'er in the cycle of ages
With so exultant heart shall Rome make boast of a nursling.
Mourn ye for antique faith, for piety mourn, for unconquered 25
Arm in the fight; no foe had 'gainst him encounter adventured

Scatheless, whether afoot to the combat he pressed, or the foaming
Flanks of his charger spurred. Ah! hapless youth! if of Hades
Dire can unlocked be the grasp, thou, doom of destiny bursting,
Shalt be on earth Marcellus. Abundant bring ye the snow- 30
white
Lilies; myself fair flow'rs will scatter; to shade of a grand-child
Offer may I at least such token, and pay unavailing
Office of woe.

Book VIII.—L. 652, 713.

Watchful aloft on crest of the fort Tarpeian, in arms stood
Manlius, highest temple of Jove Capitolian holding:
Here too graven in silver a goose o'er portico golden
Flying, with shrill note warned that the Gauls were nigh at the gateway:

Through thick bushes approaching the Gauls clomb into the 5
stronghold,
Aided by grace of opaque-hued night, and shielded by darkness;
Golden is shown their hair, their vesture golden; in checkered
Plaids they glitter; about their milk-white necks an encircling
Gorget golden is bound: each wields two lances of Alpine
Make in his hand, their bodies with long shields warily 10
sheltered.
Further the Salian dance exulting, the naked Luperci,
Mitres woollen-tufted and anciles holy from Heaven
Fall'n had he wrought: chaste dames were leading the sacred procession
Seated in soft-hung coaches. Apart from these at a distance
Tartarus adds he, the portals of Pluto's kingdom abysmal. 15
Here doom fatal of guilt he displayed: here thee, Catilina,
Poised upon high rock threatful, and quailing beneath the avenging
Gaze of the sisters dire: in a secret realm had he pictured
Shades of the just; o'er these as lawgiver Cato presiding.

Coursing broad in the midst of the swelling sea was a 20
likeness,
Golden; but dashed its surface with hoar-white foam of the
billows;
'Mong which, dance in a circle enweaving, silvery dolphins
Smote on the deep with tails disportful, and parted the surges.
Bossy of brass in the centre the navies, the Actian conflicts,
Carved by his hand were shown: with pride of armies 25
embattled
Glowed Leucadia's height, far shone gold-spangled the
billows.
Here Augustus to battle the men of Italy leading,
Girt with the Fathers and People, the gods of the hearth and
Olympus,
Posted in towering ship: twin flames on his temples exultant
Play, and the Julian star effulgent o'er him revealed is. 30
Speeded by favouring winds and gods advances Agrippa
Lofty, his line on-leading; to whom, proud trophy of
warfare,
Glitter his temples with gold of coronal rostral encircled.
Antony there, mixed armies in pride barbaric arraying,

Victor from tribes of the morning and glowing shores of the 35
Red Sea,
Egypt drags to the fight, and the pow'rs of the East, and
remotest
Bactra; th' Egyptian spouse, ah! shame! in his wake is
attendant.
All start eager at once, and whitened with foam is the water
Torn by the back-tugged oars and on-rushing forks of the
galleys.
Right to the deep they hold: who saw might fancy the 40
Cyclads
Floating uptorn; or that hills were justling with hills upon
ocean;
With such weight by the crews are driven the tow'r-armed
vessels.
Fiery tow by the hands and cast is of iron a missile
Show'r; with slaughter unwonted the sea-gods' realm is
empurpled.
Shaking her native timbrel the queen her people to combat 45
Urges; nor yet looks back at the twin snakes deadly behind
her.

Gods of a mongrel brood, and the dog-faced monster Anubis
Juno against and Pallas, against Cytherea and Neptune
Range them in fight. Fierce Mars in press of the battle is instant
Chased in relief in steel, and the Diræ gloomily flitting: 50
Discord hastes to the combat in garment rent; and behind her,
Wielding her blood-stained scourge, Bellona rejoicing advances.
This discerning, his bow far-shooting the Actian Phœbus
Bent from his heights: at terror of which Egyptian and Hindoo
Turned them in headlong flight, and Arabia's hosts and 55 Sabeans.
Seen was the queen herself on the wind-gods calling, in hottest
Haste her cables to loosen, and sail yield large to the breezes.
Pale with presage of death had the Fire-controller displayed her

'Mid the slaughter on-borne by the waves and the breath of
Iapyx.
Over against was Nilus, of huge frame mightily mourning, 60
Opening his bosom, and calling with outspread mantle the
vanquished
Unto his azure breast and the coverts close of his waters.

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